# THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE;

OR

# Literary Miscellany.

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*For the Evening Fire-side.*

### THE PHILANTHROPIST, NO. VIII.

*Nemo mortalium omnibus horis sapit.*—HORACE.

Amidst his failings still some virtues trace,
Some fair exertions, and some deeds of grace.
[*Merry's Pains of Memory*]

Pittacus, whom Greece ranked among the number of her ſages, at a time when Mitylene, his country, was in a ſtate of the utmoſt ſlavery and debaſement, by his exertions brought her peace and proſperity. Poſſeſſing abſolute power, he uſed it to controul the vicious, and bring to puniſhment the guilty; to enact laws for the preſervation of order, and to give permanency to every valuable inſtitution. Having finiſhed his work of legiſlation, when the hearts of all good men were warmed with affection towards him, he abdicated without oſtentation the ſovereign power. When aſked his reaſon for ſo doing, he replied, "I was terrified at ſeeing Periander, of Corinth, become the tyrant, after he had been the father of his people: It is too difficult always to be virtuous!"

This conduct of Pittacus will be viewed in a very different light by different perſons. Some may deny him his due merit, becauſe he ſhrunk from the poſſibility of doing evil without reſiſting its impulſes. Becauſe he feared a time might arrive when he ſhould be aſſimilated to Periander, he gave up his authority, and retired to a private ſtation, thereby depriving the people of the advantages they had heretofore derived from his wiſdom and virtue. "The man (ſay they) who had raiſed his country to ſo honourable a ſituation, was ſurely beſt calculated to maintain it in that ſtate. But Pittacus deprived himſelf of that honor, by looking forward for a time of mental depravity, which might induce him to undo what he had done before."

In this light, however, I cannot view it; he was but a man—he ſtruggled, he contended for the welfare of his country; his whole ſoul was bent on this one aim, and at length he accompliſhed it. Now eaſed from that burthen, he had time to think of other things. He ſaw himſelf in the poſſeſſion of uncontrouled dominion, and able to make what uſe of his power he thought proper. 'Twas then, probably, that the frailties of humanity began to aſſail him; pride and ambition might have begun to ariſe in his breaſt; he felt, he feared them, and reſigned that command, which, had he retained, might have rendered his ſubjects miſerable whom he had before toiled to make happy. "Alas, it is too difficult always to be virtuous."

That "no one is wiſe at all times," is a maxim, the truth of which is undeniable. No one, then, is always free from the aſſaults of paſſion, the impulſes of anger, or the inſinuations of ambition. To theſe, Pittacus was obnoxious, and like him is every child of mortality. Hence, when we conſider the character of man, we ſhould always recollect his natural failings, and make the proper allowances for them when we ſee him doing wrong. This is what we are taught to do by the volume of inſpiration; this is what the uncontaminated child of nature would always do, if left to form his own concluſions; and this is what charity always dictates. We know that the world is full of wickedneſs; and that the hiſtory of man is little more than "a detail of follies and of crimes." But while this knowledge tends to raiſe in the breaſts of the philanthropic, emotions of ſorrow and regret, it ſhould teach them to ſearch out whatever was of "good report," and bring it into view, that it might receive its proper praiſe, and excite emulation. The vices of men ſpeak loudly of themſelves by the conſequences they produce;—their virtues often "bluſh unſeen." Why then do we ſee the errors of the imprudent ſo much decried and blazoned around, while their better qualities are unlooked for? Man has always been ſpoken of as a creature, fond of novelty, and captivated by whatever is extraordinary, but in this caſe the contrary ſeems to be the fact. Wickedneſs abounds every where; and, where known, is never unnoticed: frailties and imperfections are common; every day diſcloſes them, and yet they are eagerly ſought out; on the other hand, inſtances of virtue and goodneſs are rare, but they never ſo much raiſe their poſſeſſor, as the former depreſs and degrade him in the eſtimation of men.—Thus Shakeſpeare wrote with truth, that

"The evil which men do, lives after them;
"The good is oft interred with their bones,"

and in proof of this aſſertion we may add, from the ſame author, the following:

"The aſpiring boy who fir'd the Epheſian dome
"Outlives in fame the pious fool who built it."

Why man is ſo weak and irreſolute, why he is as "prone to evil as the ſparks fly upward," and why he is ſo greatly under the government of bad paſſions, it is not for me to determine. Certain, however, it is, that though he walks ſuperior amid creation, he ſeldom is employed in muſing praiſe or grateful adoration,* and ſeldom do his actions or the tenor of his life beſpeak the favourite of heaven. That he is never perfect, is a truth, which reaſon, religion, and obſervation eſtabliſh; and if ſome are found more weak than others, they are alſo more unhappy, and conſequently more entitled to our pity, not to our ſcorn, or abhorrence. If great talents are ſeen a prey to frailties, which more than counterbalance worth, lament that "the nobleſt works of heaven are ſo imperfect," and they ſo little able to promote their own happineſs; for you will oft-times ſee them "pierced through with many ſorrows."

Many and sharp the num'rous ills
Inwoven in our frame!
More pointed still we make ourselves,
Regret, remorse, and shame!
And man whose heaven erected face
The smiles of love adorn,
Man's inhumanity to man
Makes countless thousands mourn!

BURNS.

* The idea conveyed in the preceding line, is in part from Thomson.

Humanus was a character to whose lot fell as many imperfections and virtues as almoſt ever centred in one man. The former it may be ſaid were acquired, the latter innate. He early loſt his mother; and his father was afterwards too much engroſſed by other concerns to pay any attention to the morals or education of his ſon. Thus, without a friend to adviſe, or a parent to direct, he was left to follow the bent of his inclination; and being of a ſocial diſpoſition, he ſought for company, and unfortunately found that kind alone, in which his underſtanding could not be improved, nor his heart expanded. The ill effects of ſuch ſociety were ſoon viſible, and though they ſubjected him to occaſional reproach, no meaſures were taken to do away their cauſe, by removing him from it; neither were his good qualities, which often ſhowed themſelves, cheriſhed by commendation, or ſtrengthened by good counſel.

As he grew up, and entered upon the ſtage of life, he diſcovered principles the moſt oppoſite, and conduct the moſt contradictory. One day his buſineſs was attended to with the greateſt induſtry; the next, neglected for ſome ſcheme of pleaſure. One day he was ſeen carouſing with a ſet of bacchanalian friends, and reduced to a ſtate of intoxication and beſtiality; the next, he was ſearching the abodes of miſery, poverty, and ſickneſs; ſeeking woes to alleviate, and ſufferings to lighten. When "the ſcourge of peſtilence" ravaged our devoted city, and had arrived at its greateſt height of danger, he was employed in paſſing from one ſcene of ſickneſs and death to another, providing attendance for one, relieving the wants of another, and where death had rendered aid unavailing, ſeeing its victim decently committed to the earth. but when theſe times of diſtreſs were gone, he again returned to his courſes of pleaſure and debauchery, to which he at length fell a victim, before he had arrived at the 40th year of his age.

Such was Humanus;—Strange contradiction; ſtrange that vice and virtue ſhould ſo ſtrongly influence one perſon, and each be ſo uncontrouled while it was ruler.—Had he, when young, been properly attended to... had his vicious propenſities been ſubjected to the domination of reaſon and parental authority; he would not now have been held up as an example of the weakneſs of humanity; but as a model for imitation: he would not have been prematurely cut off, a victim to vice and evil paſſions, but might have lived to be long reverenced and honoured.

"Alas! how oft on Guilt's victorious car
"The ſpoils of Virtue are in triumph borne."
BEATTIE.

May the conſideration of his good deeds, the recollection of his many virtues, and the tears and prayers of the ſorrowful whom he comforted, influence the "recording angel to blot out his offences from the book of remembrance," and let every *Philanthropiſt* drop a tear when he reflects, how numerous "are the *frailties flesh is heir to*," of which Humanus was a lamentable example.

F.

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*For the Evening Fire-ſide.*

### THE SYLPH.

Shall the Sylph, who erſt preſum'd
To review the muſes' field,
And to dull oblivion doom'd
Bards unfit the quill to wield?

Shall he once again employ
Satire's ſhaft to ſhame the foe,
Or with lighter darts annoy
Thoſe who'd ſink beneath the blow?

Shall he dare a wreath to twine
Genius' ſacred brows around,
Or before the ſacred ſhrine
Bid the airy train reſound?

Many a bard has ſwept the lyre
Since I bade a laſt farewell;
Some have felt Parnaſſian fire,
When they breath'd the ſounding ſhell.

More have vainly brav'd the height
Where the ſacred Nine reſide;
And the glooms of endleſs night
Check'd their falſe poetic pride.

Sylphs, prepare your ſhadowy arms,
Wield the bow, and ſcour the plain:
Sound in folly's ear alarms,
All her daring flights reſtrain.

*Twinkling Ruſtic*, brav'd your power,
Quibbling ſon of vain pretence,
Nurtur'd in a hapleſs hour,
To pervert the poet's ſenſe.

But this offſpring of the morn
Cloſ'd his ſhort career in night,
Ere was heard the beetle's horn,
Or the night-bird wing'd its flight.

*Clemens*, from the muſe's flame
Thou haſt ſtol'n a glimmering ray;
But let not a thirſt for fame
Lead thee from thy cot aſtray.

Still direct the team or plough;
Chaunt in peace thy ruſtic ſong,
Nor believe that to thy brow
Wreaths of bay will e'er belong.

Sylphs, yon ſtudious wight behold,
Pace, "with meaſur'd ſteps, and ſlow,"
Fraught with many a tale untold,
Of human vice, of human woe.

Wiſdom in pedantic guiſe
Ne'er will charm the erring heart;
Wiſdom's ſelf will never riſe
From the endleſs toils of art.

Yet your vengeful darts withhold,
And the grave *Raſola* ſpare;
He as truths has only told
What's acknowledg'd every where.

Cull the faireſt, ſweeteſt flowers;
*Charles* the blooming wreath demands;
Rob the muſes' fav'rite bowers,
Native worth the rite commands.

Prieſt of poeſy ordain'd,
Why ſo ſoon thy duties cloſe?
None endow'd like thee remain'd;
Why then ſink to dull repoſe?

Champion in proſaic war,
*Cauſticus*, thy weapons wield;
Mount again thy towering car,
Join with Sylphs and ſcour the field.

Many a *quack* in verſe or proſe
Vainly dares the quill t' aſſume;
Theſe muſt ever be thy foes,
Born in fogs and nurs'd in gloom.

Many a ſelf-nam'd bard ſhall claim
From thy *art* its *power* to *heal*;
Many a dunce, who thirſts for fame
Shall thy native keenneſs feel.

Ev'n *Raſola*'s turgid brain
May confeſs thy ſov'reign power;
Even *Twinkle*'s drowſy ſtrain
Ceaſe to load the weary hour.

Sylphs, retire; for lo! the year
Has bidden to the world farewell:
Other minſtrels now appear,
Breathing loud the ſounding ſhell.

*Lyricus* alone remains:
Him your early notes ſhall greet;
Now renew your airy ſtrains,
Beat the ground with ſoundleſs feet.

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### SONG OF SYLPHS.

Sprites of air, of earth, of ocean,
Mingle in the mirthful throng,
Dance around with ſwifteſt motion,
Wake the minſtrel's ſweeteſt ſong.

O'er old ocean's ſurface gliding,
Oft we ſkim the boiling wave;
Oft upon the whirlwind riding,
With the ſtorms of winter rave.

Oft the ſnow's clear white aſſuming,
In its fleece our forms inveſt;
And from heaven to earth deſcending,
Settle on the fair one's breaſt.

When the moon's portentous halo
Threatens tempeſts from on high,
Heedleſs we purſue our gambols,
Sporting in the lurid ſky.

Or upon the ſhooting meteor,
Swifter than the lightning ſail,
Laugh at all the glooms of midnight,
And defy the driving gale.

Away, away, the lowering heavens
Promise to the world a storm:
We amid the howling tempest,
Will our secret rites perform.

ARIEL.

*For the Evening Fire-side.*

A writer in a late number of the Evening Fire-side has undertaken the *laudable* task of waging war againſt the *dead languages*; and although the pedantic dabblers in thoſe tongues might reply to his ſeverities in their unknown jargon, "De *mortuis* nil niſi bonum," (I think this is the way they ſay it)—yet I ſhall diſregard them, and enliſt as a volunteer in the cauſe which PROBE has ſo courageouſly eſpouſed. I have ſeveral reaſons for embracing this ſide in the warfare, and one, which is not among the leaſt conſoling and encouraging, is that a *dead* enemy has it not in his power to annoy one ſo much as a living one. I declare I feel the ſpirit of a hero ſtir within me already; and if *Probe* will only appoint me his aid-de-camp, I will undertake to follow him to any point of the martial plain. Although we may not have the honor of *ſlaying* the foe, yet we will have the ſatisfaction of *plundering* him; and that is by far the moſt profitable part of military operations. Some ill-natured pedants may probably begin to tell us the fable of the *Fox and the Grapes*; but that will have no effect on us; we know it to be a *mere fable*, whereas *we* deal in ſolid matter of fact. For my part, I have frequently thought there were *many* branches of learning, which "long ſince ſhould have been aboliſhed;" but perhaps it will be moſt politic to exterminate them one after another; otherwiſe they might combine, and we ſhould be unable to conquer the allied forces. When we ſhall nave ſubdued the *dead languages*, it would be my opinion that we next attack ſome of the higher branches of the *mathematics*. There are but very few people who can give their children ſufficient education to underſtand ſpherical trigonometry, fluxions, and ſuch like ſtuff; ſo that in fact they are *dead ſciences* to the major part of mankind. This being the caſe, I think *Probe* and I could vanquiſh them. We would level *perpendiculars*, and ſend *triangles* and *parallelograms* helter-ſkelter, with the whole hoſt of *tangents* and *ſecants*.

I remember once having an engagement with a *right-angle* by myſelf, when I pretty ſoon did its buſineſs; and as it takes *all* the angles of a *triangle* to be *equal* to *two* right-angles, I am ſure the triangles will ſtand us no chance. The mathematics being ruined, we will proceed to attack ſome other ſcientific enemy: but leſt they ſhould get wind of our deſign, I ſhall forbear to mention names at preſent, but ſhall ſet myſelf about planning an attack upon the *dead languages*, in order to get them off our hands in the firſt place. As the *Hebrew* is the *oldeſt* of our dead enemies, and therefore moſt probably the *weakeſt*, it would be ſafeſt to try our proweſs on it firſt; and if we can ſucceed readily there, it will encourage us conſiderably when we come to aſſault the *Greek*. I am quite of the mind we ſhall be able to rout the Greek from *alpha* to *omega*, incluſive. By this time the *Roman* language will be in a manner defenceleſs, and of courſe will fall an eaſy prey. But I muſt leave particulars for future communications, and content myſelf at preſent with aſſuring *Probe* of my hearty co-operation.

BISTOURI.

*March 1ſt*, 1806.

*For the Evening Fire-side.*

*Lines on the adventures of a favorite Bard.*

Wealth, to *vulgar* minds inviting—
Reader, pauſe, and drop a tear!—
Wealth, with other powers uniting,
Drew a poet from his ſphere;

From Parnaſſian heights allur'd him,
Lull'd the vagaries of his brain,
Of the ſcribbling Mania cur'd him,
Fill'd his ſoul with *love of gain*;

Bid him check each ſoft emotion
That is felt when lovers part;
Spurn the dangers of the Ocean,
Quell the tumults of the heart.

Prompted by ambition's panderer,
To the conſequences blind,
Little thought the daring wanderer
What a ſcene he left behind.

Every heart with grief was ſwelling;
Nought was heard but deaf'ning ſighs;
And our tears ('tis truth I'm telling)
Made the neighbouring rivers riſe!

In ſuſpenſe no more we'll languiſh:
ARIEL greets his friends again,
Rich reward for months of anguiſh!
"Sweet is pleaſure after pain."

If we find our favorite Fairy
Fall below his former ſtrain;
Leſs harmonious, forceful, airy,
'Tis ungenerous to complain.

Diſappointment ſinks his ſpirits,
Still to poverty a prey;
But the fire that he inherits
Will blaze forth ſome other day.

Will blaze forth with matchleſs ſplendor,
Lighted by poetic rage,
And his name immortal render
As your Miſcellaneous page.

PHILOPOETICUS.

FOR THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE.

*Meſſrs. Editors,*

It is of importance that thoſe who have a real talent for poetry ſhould be careful in the uſe of deſcriptive epithets; and not ſuffer themſelves to fall into a habit of uſing words merely becauſe they have a poetical ſound, without paying attention to the ſtrict meaning of them. Excellence in compoſition conſiſts in the ſelection and uſe of ſuch words as convey diſtinct and *correct* ideas to the mind, and which may be comprehended with facility by the reader. Thoſe obſervations are produced in conſequence of the peruſal of an Elegy in the 8th number of the Evening Fire-ſide, ſigned "C." The writer certainly, in my opinion, poſſeſſes poetical talents; and I think his Elegy, on the whole, pathetic and beautiful; but I will take the liberty of ſuggeſting an inſtance, where he appears to me to have written without conſidering the real meaning which the words convey.—He ſays,

"Where yon tall elms afford a *chequer'd* ſhade,
"A ſhade *impervious* to the glare of day,
"How oft," &c.

Now the idea I have formed of a *chequered* ſhade, is one where the branches of the trees are *not* altogether *impervious* to the ſun's rays; and that the chequers in the ſhade are formed by the very circumſtance of the branches being *pervious* to light. If the writer mean by the "glare of day" the whole force of the ſun's beams, it is certain that *ſome* of them muſt be excluded in order to conſtitute a "*chequer'd* ſhade." But it is equally certain there cannot be ſuch a ſhade if it were wholly "*impervious*." As I am a real admirer of "C's" Elegy, I truſt thoſe remarks will not be conſidered as hypercritical. I am not ſo faſtidious as to condemn an eſſay for the miſapplication of a word or a ſentence; and I may ſay with truth, in the words of the Roman poet,

——"Ubi plura nitent in carmine non ego paucis
"Offendar maculis, quas aut incuria fudit,
"Aut humana parum cavit natura."

UN PETIT CENSEUR.

*March 3d*, 1806.

*For the Evening Fire-side.*

TO HENRY.

Why, fond swain, thy head declining,
Why does sorrow dim thy eye?
Why waste youth in vain repining?
Joy's bright visions hover nigh.

Dost thou mourn some fickle fair one,
False to virtue, false to love?
Trust me, youth, that nymph's a rare one,
Who will fond and constant prove.

Proud of youthful glories beaming
From a face and form divine,
Flattery's incense softly streaming,
E'er must pour at beauty's shrine.

Aiming at supreme dominion,
Tyrants, they our hearts demand:
Love must rest his downy pinion,
Patient at their altar stand.

Never with attention awful,
Wait a captious fair one's smile;
Vers'd are all in arts unlawful,
Hearts of lovers to beguile.

But if anxious to possess her,
Scarcely own thy latent pain:
Cautious and reserv'd address her,
Or, fond youth, thy toil is vain.

When with false and feign'd emotion
They bestow a list'ning ear,
'Tis but Circe's baleful potion,
Treacherous as a miser's tear.

When she smiles on other lovers,
Ne'er let jealousy appear,
This thy heart's low state discovers,
Ardent love and wakeful fear.

When she meets thy salutations
With a stern affected frown,
Let not hope's bright expectations
Be with beauty's brow cast down.

Care not for her brow contracted,
Frowns, though dark, are quickly past,
Soon thou'dst find they're but affected,
Trust me, she'll be thine at last.

HUBERT.

*May* 26, 1804.

*To the Editors of the Evening Fire-Side.*

The trees once more are dress'd in lively green,
And little birds are on the branches seen.

The Spring is fast approaching. The attention of us, husbandmen, is again turned towards tilling the ground, a calling, by many people rather despised, or at least looked upon very low; but I am of a different sentiment. I look upon agriculture to be one of the grandest arts or subjects, almost, that a person can turn his attention to; and perhaps there is as little attention paid to it in general, as any art or science whatever: but still there are some few who are seeking information on this subject, and I wish they could be encouraged, by instructions or experiments made known to them through the medium of your paper, or some other way, as I doubt not but some of your correspondents are acquainted with this branch of business: but I confess I have been sorry to see so little said upon the subject. If, instead of entering into useless disputes about victory in the harvest field, we had been informed of some new regulation, or mode of increasing our crops of grain, or different way of making manure, or different arrangements of our stocks, or something in this way, it would have been much more agreeable to some of us.

I should like to hear the sentiments of some of your practical farmers upon a number of different subjects: whether it is not more profitable to keep a larger stock of cattle than we have been used to do, and fewer horses.

FARMER.

*For the Evening Fire-side.*

And is there aught can soften woe?
Or lighten sorrow's galling load?
Or cause the heart with joy to glow,
Or smooth life's dreary, rugged road?

Ah yes! a sympathizing friend,
That choicest blessing here below,
The sweetest gift, kind heaven can send,
Will soften all the cares we know.

Then grant me but this friend so dear,
To whom I may my sorrows tell;
Who sheds the sympathetic tear,
With whom the tender feelings dwell.

AFER.

*March* 3, 1806.

SELECTED FOR THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE.

Necte tribus nodis ternos, Amarylli, colores:
Necte, Amarylli, modo: et, Veneris, dic vincula necto,
Ducite ab urbe domum, mea carmina, ducite Daphnim.
Limus ut hic durescit, et hæc ut cera liquescit,
Uno eodemque igni: sic nostro Daphnis amore.

VIRG.

Three colours weave in three-fold knots, and cry
"In three-fold bond this true love's knot I tye."
As the same fire makes hard this cake of clay
In which this waxen image melts away,
Thus, god of love, be my true shepherd's breast
Soft to my flame, but hard to all the rest.
Ye songs, spells, philters, amulets, and charms,
Bring, quickly bring my Daphnis to my arms.

The idle superstitions of the vulgar are no where so conspicuous as in the affairs of love. When a raw girl's brain is once turned with a sweetheart, she converts every trifling accident of her life into a good or bad omen, and makes every thing conspire to strengthen her in so pleasing a delusion. Virgil represents Dido, as soon as she has contracted her fatal passion for Æneas, going to the priest to have her fortune told. In like manner the love-sick girl runs to the cunning man, or crosses the gypsy's hand with her last sixpence, to know when she shall be married; how many children she shall have, and whether she shall be happy with her husband. She also consults the cards, and finds out her lover in the knave of hearts. She learns how to interpret dreams, and every night furnishes her with meditations for the next day. If she happens to bring out any thing in conversation, which another person was about to say, she comforts herself that she shall be married first; and if she tumbles as she is running up-stairs, imagines she shall go to church with her sweetheart before the week is at an end.

It would puzzle the most profound antiquary to discover what could give birth to the strange notions cherished by fond nymphs and swains. The god of love has more superstitious votaries, and is worshiped with more unaccountable rites, than any fabulous deity whatever. Nothing, indeed, is so whimsical as the imagination of a person in love. The dying shepherd carves the name of his mistress on the trees, while the fond maid knits him a pair of garters with an amorous posey; and both look on what they do as a kind of charm to secure the affections of the other. A lover will rejoice to give his mistress a bracelet or a top-knot; and she, perhaps, will take pleasure in working him a pair of ruffles. These they will regard as the soft bonds of love, but neither would on any account run the risk of "cutting love," by giving or receiving such a present as a knife or pair of scissors. To wear the picture of the beloved object constantly near the heart, is universally accounted a most excellent and never-failing preservative of affection: and if, in the course of their amour, the mistress gives the dear man her hair, wove in a true lover's knot, or breaks a crooked ninepence with him, she thinks herself assured of his inviolable fidelity.

Some few years ago, there was publicly advertised, among the other extraordinary medicines whose wonderful qualities are daily related in the last page of our newspapers, a most efficacious love-powder; by which a despairing lover might create affection in the bosom of the most cruel mistress. Lovers have indeed always been

fond of enchantment. Shakeſpeare has repreſented Othello as accuſed of winning his Deſdemona "by conjuration and mighty magic;" and Theocritus and Virgil have both introduced women in their paſtorals, uſing charms and incantations to recover the affections of their ſweethearts. In a word, taliſmans, genii, witches, fairies, and all the inſtruments of magic and enchantment, were firſt diſcovered by lovers, and employed in buſineſs of love.

But I never had a thorough inſight into all their amorous ſorcery, until I received the following letter, which was ſent me from the country a day or two after Valentine's day; and I make no doubt but all true lovers moſt religiouſly performed the previous rites mentioned by my correſpondent.

"TO MR. TOWN.

"*Dear Sir,*

"You muſt know I am in love with a very clever man, a Londoner; and as I want to know whether it is my fortune to have him, I have tried all the tricks I can hear of for that purpoſe. I have ſeen him ſeveral times in coffee-grounds, with a ſword by his ſide; and he was once at the bottom of a tea-cup in a coach and ſix, with two footmen behind it. I got up laſt May morning, and went into the fields to hear the cuckoo; and when I pulled off my left ſhoe, I found an hair in it exactly the ſame colour with his. But I ſhall never forget what I did laſt midſummer eve: I and my two ſiſters tried the dumb cake together; you muſt know, two muſt make it, two bake it, two break it, and the third put it under each of their pillows, (but you muſt not ſpeak a word all the time) and then you will dream of the man you are to have. This we did, and to be ſure I did nothing all night but dream of Mr. Bloſſom. The ſame night exactly at twelve o'clock, I ſowed hemp-ſeed in our back yard, and ſaid to myſelf, "hemp-ſeed I ſow, hemp-ſeed I hoe, and he that is my true love come after me and mow." Will you believe me? I looked back and ſaw him behind me, as plain as eyes could ſee him. After that, I took a clean ſhift, and wetted it, and turned it wrong ſide out, and hung it to the fire upon the back of a chair; and very likely my ſweetheart would have come and turned it right again, (for I heard his ſtep) but I was frightened, and could not help ſpeaking, which broke the charm. I likewiſe ſtuck up two midſummer-men, one for myſelf and one for him. Now if his had died away, we ſhould never have come together: but, I aſſure you, his blowed, and turned to mine. Our maid, Betty, tells me, that if I go backwards, without ſpeaking a word, into the garden upon midſummer eve, and gather a roſe, and keep it in a clean ſheet of paper, without looking at it, till Chriſtmas day, it will be as freſh as in June; and if I then ſtick it in my boſom, he that is to be my huſband will come and take it out. If I am not married before the time comes about again, I will certainly do it: and only mind if Mr. Bloſſom is not the man.

I have tried a great many other fancies, and they have all turned out right. Whenever I go to lie in a ſtrange bed, I always tie my garter nine times round the bed-poſt, and knit nine knots in it, and ſay to myſelf, "this knot I knit, this knot I tie, to ſee my love as he goes by, in his apparel and array, as he walks in every day." I did laſt holidays at my uncle's; and to be ſure I ſaw Mr. Bloſſom draw my curtains, and tuck up the clothes at the bed's feet. Couſin Debby was married a little while ago, and ſhe ſent me a piece of bride-cake to put under my pillow; and I had the ſweeteſt dream....I thought we were going to be married together. I have, many is the time, taken great pains to pare an apple whole, and afterwards flung the peel over my head, and it always falls in the ſhape of the firſt letter of his ſir-name or chriſtian name. I am ſure Mr. Bloſſom loves me, becauſe I ſtuck two of the kernels upon my forehead, while I thought upon him and the lubberly 'ſquire my papa wants me to have: Mr. Bloſſom's kernel ſtuck on, but the other dropped off directly.

"Laſt Friday, Mr. Town, was Valentine's day; and I will tell you what I did the night before. I got five bay-leaves, and pinned four of them to the four corners of my pillow, and the fifth to the middle; and then, if I dreamt of my ſweetheart, Betty ſaid we ſhould be married before the year was out. But to make it more ſure, I boiled an egg hard, and took out the yolk, and filled it up with ſalt; and when I went to bed eat ſhell and all, without ſpeaking or drinking after it. We alſo wrote our lovers' names upon bits of paper, and rolled them up in clay, and put them into water; and the firſt that roſe up was to be our Valentine. Would you think it? Mr. Bloſſom was my man: and I lay a-bed and ſhut my eyes all the morning, until he come to our houſe; for I would not have ſeen another man before him for all the world.

"Dear Mr. Town, if you know any other way to try our fortunes by, do put them in your paper. My mamma laughs at us, and ſays there is nothing in them; but I am ſure there is, for ſeveral Miſſes at our boarding-ſchool have tried them, and they have all happened true; and I am ſure my own ſiſter Hetty, who died juſt before Chriſtmas, ſtood in the church-porch laſt midſummer-eve, to ſee all that were to die that year in our pariſh; and ſhe ſaw her own apparition.

"Your humble ſervant,
ARABELLA WHIMSEY."
[*Connoiſſeur.*]

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*To the Editors of the Evening Fire-side.*

Obſerving in the ſecond number of your paper, a piece entitled "Spectres," I was pleaſed with the thoughts of reading a diſquiſition on the ſubject, hoping the author would place it in ſo clear a point of view, as to carry conviction to ſuch, as may have entertained an unwarrantable belief in ghoſts and apparitions. And I am not about to call in queſtion the merits of the performance; but obſerving, that in ſupport of it he aſſerts that "When the Scriptures were written, and publiſhed, and the Chriſtian religion fully eſtabliſhed, revelation ceaſed:" and again, "The whole will of God is revealed to us in the Scriptures." On reading which I pauſed, but proceeding to read, I found they were only bare aſſertions, void of proof: and yet perhaps a different ſentiment thrown into the oppoſite ſcale, at leaſt as a ballance, may not be improper. For which purpoſe I ſend you for inſertion an extract from the writings of Biſhop Taylor: to whoſe firſt-rate abilities were united the fineſt feelings of devotion.

A. Z.

"We have examined," ſays he, "all ways in our enquiries after religious truth, but one; all but God's way: let us, having miſſed in all the other, try this. Let us go to God for truth; for truth comes from God only. If you aſk, what is truth? you muſt not do as Pilate did, aſk the queſtion, and then go away from him that only can give you an anſwer; for as God is the author of truth, ſo he is the teacher of it, and the way to learn is this; for ſo ſaith our bleſſed Lord; If any man will do his will, he ſhall know of the doctrine whether it be of God or no.

"This text is ſimple as truth itſelf, but greatly comprehenſive, and contains a truth that alone will enable you to underſtand all myſteries, and to expound all prophecies,

and to interpret all ſcriptures, and to ſearch into all ſecrets; all, I mean, which concern our happineſs, and our duty. It is plainly to be reſolved into this propoſition:

"The way to judge of religion, is by doing our duty: and Theology is rather a divine life than a divine knowledge.

"A good life is the beſt way to underſtand wiſdom and religion, becauſe by the experiences and reliſhes of religion, there is conveyed to them a ſweetneſs to which all wicked men are ſtrangers. There is in the things of God, to thoſe who practiſe them, a deliciouſneſs that makes us love them, and that love admits us into God's cabinet, and ſtrangely clarifies the underſtanding by the purification of the heart. For when our reaſon is raiſed up by the ſpirit of Chriſt, it is turned quickly into experience; when our faith relies upon the principles of Chriſt, it is changed into viſion; and ſo long as we know God only in the ways of men, by contentious learning, by arguing and diſpute, we ſee nothing but the ſhadow of him, and in that ſhadow we meet with many dark appearances, little certainty, and much conjecture; but when we know him with the eyes of holineſs and the inſtruction of gracious experiences, with a quiet ſpirit and the peace of enjoyment, then we ſhall hear what we never heard, and ſee what our eyes never ſaw; then the myſteries of godlineſs ſhall be open unto us, and clear as the windows of the morning; and this is rarely well expreſſed by the apoſtle. "If we ſtand up from the dead, and awake from ſleep, then ſhall Chriſt give us light."

"For though the Scriptures themſelves are written by the ſpirit of God, yet they are written within and without; and beſides the light that ſhines upon the face of them, unleſs there be a light ſhining within our hearts, unfolding the leaves, and interpreting the myſterious ſenſe of the ſpirit, convincing our conſciences and preaching to our hearts; to look for Chriſt in the leaves of the goſpel, is to look for the living among the dead. There is a life in them; but that life is, according to St. Paul's expreſſion, hid with Chriſt in God; and unleſs the ſpirit of God draw it forth, we ſhall not be able.

"From holineſs we have the beſt inſtruction. For that which we are taught by the holy ſpirit of God, this new nature, this vital principle within us, it is that which is worth our learning: not vain and empty, idle and inſignificant notions, in which, when you have laboured till your eyes are fixed in their orbs, and your fleſh unfixed from its bones, you are no better and no wiſer. If the ſpirit of God be your teacher, he will teach you ſuch truths, as will make you know and love God, and become like to him, and enjoy him forever, by paſſing from ſimilitude to union and eternal fruition.

"Too many ſcholars have lived upon air and empty notions for many ages paſt, and troubled themſelves with tying and untying knots, like hypocondriacs in a fit of melancholy, thinking of nothings, and troubling themſelves with nothings, and falling out about nothings, and being very wiſe and very learned in things that are not, and work not, and were never planted in paradiſe by the finger of God. If the ſpirit of God be our teacher, we ſhall learn to avoid evil and do good, to be wiſe and to be holy, to be profitable and careful; and they that walk in this way ſhall find more peace in their conſciences, more ſkill in the ſcriptures, more ſatisfaction in their doubts, than can be obtained by all the Polemical and impertinent diſputations of the world. The knowledge which comes from godlineſs, is ſomething more certain and divine than all demonſtration and human learning."

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*The death of Charles IX. of France.*

Of all the inſtructive leſſons human nature can preſent to the mind, that of a bad man at the point of death is certainly the moſt impreſſive.

The eloquent but unfortunate Dr. Dodd, has drawn the picture of an unhappy wretch juſt at that awful moment, in a moſt maſterly and pathetic ſtyle; and hiſtory affords us a variety of inſtances of a ſimilar nature; but none which I have hitherto met with, ſtrikes the mind with ſo juſt a ſenſe of the apprehenſive terrors which attend a guilty conſcience, as the deſcription Dr. Cayet gives of the death-bed pangs which tormented that monſter of bigotry and cruelty, Charles IX. which I ſhall extract from that judicious author.

"The ſingular death of that miſguided prince," ſays his hiſtorian, "was regarded by his cotemporaries as a remarkable inſtance of divine juſtice; and the man who had been the means of ſpilling the blood of ſeventy thouſand of his fellow-creatures,* found his own burſting from all the veins in an unheard-of and ſurpriſing manner.

"Charles, two days before his death, having called for Mazzille, his chief phyſician, and complaining of the pains he ſuffered, enquired if it were not poſſible that he, and ſo many other phyſicians in his realms, could contrive to alleviate his diſorder; "for I am," ſaid the wretched ſufferer, "cruelly and horribly tormented!" To which Mazzille replied, "that whatever had been depended on them had been tried; but that, in truth, God alone could be the ſovereign phyſician in ſuch complaints." "I believe that what you ſay is true," ſaid the king; "ſo draw from me my large cap, that I may try to reſt."—Mazzille obeyed the order, and then withdrew, deſiring all, except the nurſe and two of his attendants, to do the ſame. The nurſe, fatigued with watching, attempted likewiſe to repoſe, but the ſighs and groans of the tortured monarch prevented her from doing it; and, going to the bedſide, ſhe attempted to ſoothe his affliction; when the king exclaimed, in half-broken ſentences, which were interrupted by the violence of his grief, "Ah, my dear nurſe, my beloved woman, what blood! what murders! Oh, I have followed wicked advice!" (This he ſaid, alluding to the influence the queen had over him, and the ſhocking cruelties that had been committed at her inſtigation.) "Oh, my God, pardon me, and be merciful. I know not where I am, they have ſo perplexed and agitated me. How will all this end? What ſhall I do? I am loſt, loſt forever!"

"This pathetic exclamation received the following reply from the ſympathizing attendants: "Sire, be the murders on thoſe who forced you to order them; your majeſty could not help it; and ſince you never willingly conſented, and now regret them, believe that God will never impute them to you. Ah! for the honour of God, ceaſe this weeping!" Having ſaid this, ſhe roſe for a handkerchief, for the king was drenched in tears; and Charles, taking it gently from her, ſubdued his grief, and promiſed to endeavor to repoſe."

What an impreſſive leſſon may be derived from the agonizing ſufferings of this afflicted monarch! and what an inſtructive page muſt it be conſidered for the peruſal of the young, the gay, and the licentious! How muſt vice ſhrink appalled before the alarming ſcene! and how muſt virtue feel the reward of her own exalted actions!

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To be *wise* and *good* is to be *happy* and *perfect*: and to be ſo in an infinite degree, is the happineſs and perfection of the deity; ſo far as any being improves in wiſdom and goodneſs, it makes advances towards

* Alluding to the maſſacre on St. Bartholomew's day.

happineſs and perfection. A mind employed in acquainting itſelf with the deity, will find itſelf continually ſtrengthened and enlarged; its ideas more elevated and refined; its deſires ſpiritualized, and its regard for earthly things more indifferent. If the ſoul in a ſeparate ſtate ſhall find itſelf in the ſame condition, with the ſame inclinations and deſires as when it left the body, how different would the ſoul of a Newton or a Clarke, appear from thoſe whoſe minds have been wholly exerciſed by pride, ambition, avarice, and vanity, or the gratification of the appetite: with what ſuperior glory will it ſhine forth in the world of ſpirits!

[*Gent. Mag. p.* 370.]

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*Selected for the Evening Fire-ſide.*

*Meſſrs Editors,*

I take the liberty of forwarding you an extract from a letter written by Mr. W. Taylor, from Montpellier, to his ſiſter, Mrs. Mouncher, in the year 1789, which will be intereſting and affecting to the admirers of Dr. Young and his Narciſſa:

"I know you, as well as myſelf, are not a little partial to Dr. Young. Had you been with me in a ſolitary walk the other day, you would have ſhed a tear over the remains of his dear Narciſſa. I was walking in a place called the King's garden; and there I ſaw the ſpot where ſhe was interred. Mr. J—, Mrs. H—, and myſelf, had ſome converſation with the gardener reſpecting it; who told us, that about 45 years ago, Dr. Young was here with his daughter for her health; and that he uſed conſtantly to be walking backward and forward in this garden, (no doubt, as he ſaw her gradually declining, to find the moſt ſolitary ſpot, where he might ſhew his laſt token of affection, by leaving her remains as ſecure as poſſible from thoſe ſavages, who would have denied her a chriſtian burial: for at that time an Engliſhman in this country was looked upon as an heretic, infidel, and devil. They begin now to verge from their bigotry, and allow them at leaſt to be men, though not chriſtians, I believe); and that he bribed the under gardener, belonging to his father, to let him bury his daughter, which he did; pointed out the moſt ſolitary place, and dug the grave. The man, through a private door, admitted the Doctor at midnight, bringing his beloved daughter, wrapped up in a ſheet, upon his ſhoulder: he laid her in the hole, ſat down, and (as the man expreſſed it) "*rained tears!*" "With pious ſacrilege a grave I ſtole." The man who was thus bribed is dead, but the maſter is ſtill living. Before the man died, they were one day going to dig, and ſet ſome flowers, &c. in this ſpot where ſhe was buried. The man ſaid to his maſter, "Don't dig there; for, ſo-many years ago I buried an Engliſh lady there." The maſter was much ſurprized, and as Doctor Young's book had made much noiſe in France, it led him to enquire into the matter; and only two years ago it was known for a certainty that that was the place, and in this way: There was an Engliſh nobleman here, who was acquainted with the governor of this place; and wiſhing to aſcertain the fact, he obtained permiſſion to dig up the ground, where he found ſome bones, which were examined by a ſurgeon, and pronounced to be the remains of a human body. This, therefore, puts the authenticity of it beyond a doubt."

[*Evan. Mag. for* 1797.]

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*SUMMARY OF INTELLIGENCE.*

FOREIGN.—The following particulars of the battle between the French and Engliſh fleets off the city of Santo Domingo, five leagues from the land, are related by Capt. Aſh, of this city, who was a ſpectator of the action, and had been on board the French fleet on the preceding day:

The Britiſh fleet, of 7 ſail of the line, was commanded by Admiral Duckworth. The van, led by Admiral Cochrane, in the Northumberland, of 74 guns, conſiſted of four ſhips, which engaged the French ſquadron for one hour and fifteen minutes, the Northumberland receiving the whole of the French fire, appeared for a time to be thrown on her beam ends—the remainder of the fleet getting into action, it became general, and laſted one hour longer, when the French Admiral's ſhip l'Imperial, of 134 guns, ſaid to be new, and the fineſt in their navy with the Brave, of 84 guns, were diſmaſted and driven on ſhore, and the Jupiter and Diomede, of 74, and the Alexandre, of 90 guns, ſurrendered, and were taken poſſeſſion of.

The obſtinacy of the conteſt may be eſtimated from the loſs in killed and wounded on board l'Imperial, in which ſeven hundred and thirty were killed and wounded, among the latter Admiral Seigle. The frigates eſcaped.

Capt. Aſh underſtood, that the object of the French, in ſending that fleet to St. Domingo, was to deſtroy the American veſſels in the brigand ports, for which purpoſe they had provided a number of ſmall veſſels.

The 30th, 31ſt, and 32d bulletins of the French army have been received from Bordeaux: they contain a detailed account of the battle between the *Imperial* and *allied armies*, of the 2d December laſt, by which it appears, that the latter have received a deciſive overthrow; in conſequence of which, the following Armiſtice has been concluded between their Imperial majeſties of France and Auſtria:

His majeſty the Emperor of France and his majeſty the Emperor of Germany, deſirous to reach the period of definitive negotiations for putting an end to the war which deſolates the two ſtates, have agreed, as a preliminary, to begin by an armiſtice, which ſhall continue until the concluſion of a definitive peace, or until the rupture of negotiations; and in this caſe the armiſtice ſhall not ceaſe until fifteen days after that rupture; and the ceſſation of the armiſtice ſhall be notified to the plenipotentiaries of both powers, and the head-quarters of both armies.

The conditions of the armiſtice are,

I. The line of both armies ſhall be in Moravia, the circle of Iglau, the circle of Znaim, the circle of Brunn, that part of the circle of Olmutz upon the right bank of the ſmall river of Trezeboſka, oppoſite to Pfornitz as far as it empties itſelf into the Marck and the right bank of the Marck as far as the mouth of that river into the Danube, including, however, Preſburgh: but no French or Auſtrian troops ſhall be ſtationed within a circumference of five or ſix leagues round Holitch, on the right bank of the Marck.

The line of the two armies ſhall beſides comprehend in the territory to be occupied by the French army, the whole of Lower and Upper Auſtria, the Tyrol, the ſtate of Venice, Carinthia, Styria, Carniola, the county of Coritz and Iſtria; in ſhort, in Bohemia, the circle of Mintabor, and all the country on the eaſt of the road from Tabor to Lintz.

II. The Ruſſian army ſhall evacuate the Auſtrian ſtates, as well as Poliſh Auſtria, viz. Moravia and Hungary, within fifteen days, and Gallacia within a month. The order of its march ſhall be traced, ſo that it may be always known where it is, as well as to prevent all miſunderſtanding.

III. There ſhall not be made in Hungary any kind of levy *en maſſe*, nor inſurrections; and in Bohemia no kind of extraordinary levy; no foreign army ſhall be permitted to enter the territory of the houſe of Auſtria.

Negotiators on both ſides ſhall meet at Nicholſburg, to proceed immediately on the buſineſs of negotiations, in order to eſtabliſh promptly peace and harmony between the two emperors.

Done interchangeably between us the underſigned, the marſhal Berthier, miniſter of war, major-general of the grand army, charged with full powers from his majeſty the emperor of the French and king of Italy; and Prince John of Lichtenſtein, lieutenant-general, charged with full powers from his

majeſty the emperor of Auſtria, king of Hungary, &c.

At Auſterlitz, the 15th Frimaire, year 14, (6th Dec. 1805.)

Signed, Marſhal BERTHIER,
J. Prince de LICHTENSTEIN, lieut. gen.

*Important diſcovery.*—The ſhip Ocean, which was launched at Woolwich, laſt October, is built on a very peculiar conſtruction, namely, the total extinction of knees, which not only gives a great deal of room between decks, but relieved the ſhip of near ſixty tons weight of timber; and what is moſt extraordinary, we are given to underſtand the ſhip is much ſtronger than any of thoſe built upon the ordinary principle.—The above improvement (for which his majeſty has granted his letters patent) is the invention of Mr. Brindley, of Rocheſter. It is intended by government to adopt the plan very generally, nor is it to be doubted that it will be adopted in the merchant ſervice, as it will not only make room for ſtowage, but ſave in the building of a 400 ton ſhip at leaſt 500*l.* [*Lon. pap.*]

DOMESTIC.—The important national queſtion at iſſue with Great Britain now ſeriouſly engages the attention of the Houſe of Repreſentatives. The various reſolutions ſometime ſince brought forward with a view to produce a ſatisfactory adjuſtment of the differences between the two governments, are about to be called up;—that which was introduced by Gregg, propoſing a non importation of Britiſh goods, was, by the laſt accounts, under conſideration.

The following reſolution paſſed the Senate of the United States on the 4th inſtant, and a bill was ordered to be brought in conformably thereto.

*Reſolved*, That from and after the day of next, it ſhall not be lawful to import into the United States, on board any foreign ſhip, any goods, wares, or merchandize, other than ſuch as are of the growth, produce, or manufacture of the nation to which ſuch foreign ſhip ſhall belong, except on board the ſhips of ſuch foreign nations who admit the importationinto their ports of goods, although they are not the growth, produce, or manufacture of the United States, in the ſhips or veſſels of the United States.

The legiſlature of this ſtate has been engaged in correcting a long liſt of innovations upon legal practice, which was introduced by Findlay, (from Franklin) under the title of "an act to regulate arbitrations, and proceedings in courts of Juſtice." One of the items goes to aboliſh the uſe of Latin words and phraſes in judicial proceedings, which has actually prevailed, notwithſtanding the cauſe of technical terms was ſtrenuouſly defended by ſeveral members.

A ſection which went to ſupercede the operation of the Common Law, was diſagreed to—44 to 32.

A perſon at Waſhington gives the following account of an extraordinary appearance on the face of the ſun obſerved on the 4th inſt. "In the afternoon two large ſpots on the ſun were viſible to the naked eye. They were ſeen by ſeveral perſons in this place, and will probably be ſeen again in the morning and evenings for ſeveral days to come. When viewed through a teleſcope they appeared to be connected with an irregular fiſſure in the ſurface of the ſun, of the length of about one ſixth of the diameter of the ſun. One of the ſpots was at the end of the fiſſure, the other about the middle of it. A multitude of ſmall ſpots appeared on each ſide of the fiſſure.

*Hydrophobia.*—A fatal inſtance of this horrid malady has lately occurred in New Haven. A ſon of Mr. Edward Granniſs, about 6 or 7 years of age, was bit by a dog, ſuppoſed at the time to be mad, about ſix weeks ago. No unfavorable ſymptom however appeared in the child, until nine or ten days, when the diſeaſe began to ſhew itſelf and raged with ſuch violence that he expired on *Wedneſday* laſt, under operation of thoſe affections which are its uſual dreadful appendages.

We are ſorry to ſtate that the apprehenſions which have for ſeveral weeks exiſted in this and ſome of the neighboring towns, from canine madneſs, are in no degree diminiſhed, but on the contrary there is too much cauſe for increaſed alarm. In addition to the melancholy inſtance before recited, we are informed of ſeveral perſons who are now in a ſtate of awful incertitude for their fate, having been bitten by dogs that were unequivocally mad. Among theſe, two are inhabitants of North-Haven, and two of Wallingford:—report alſo adds ſeveral others.

*Conn. Herald.*

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*Report of deaths, during the laſt week, in Philadelphia,*

Adults 27—Children 11—Total 38.

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*In New-York.*

Adults 20—Children 25—Total 45.

DIED,

On the evening of the 12th inſtant, REBECCA SMITH, daughter of *Nathan A. Smith*, in the eighteenth year of her age. A gradual decay ſloped, for her, the paſſage to the manſions of death. No remembrance of folly diſturbed her repoſe, for her life was a life of innocence; no improper attachment to earthly enjoyments gave anguiſh to the thought of ſeparation, for her hopes were fixed upon a better world. O, death! how pleaſant is the remembrance of thee to thoſe who are in pain, in ſickneſs, or in ſorrow. Thy friendly hand unbars the priſon gates, and leads forth the ſpirit to the realms of peace.

This excellent young woman was the joy of her parents and relatives; and thoſe who knew her moſt will beſt love her memory.

Her remains were yeſterday followed to the place of interment by a long train of mourners, who proved, by the teſtimony of their grief, how much their departed friend and companion was eſteemed and beloved.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

OBADIAH GUNTER's metrical problem has been choſen for our next. When a mathematical queſtion comes dreſſed in tolerable rhymes, it cannot fail to obtain a preference. They are like the tinkling bells of a team, which ſerve wonderfully to lighten the load.

*An Evening Contemplation* is alſo deſigned for inſertion.

CARRELL was intended for the preſent number; but we ſaw, or thought we ſaw, a neceſſity for a teration. If the author will conſent to a modification ſome parts of his piece it ſhall appear in our next.

ALPIN's *Reverie* is ſuch a mixture of beauties and blemiſhes that we are doubtful how to decide. It contains poetry which ſhould not be loſt, and abſurdities which ought not appear. If Alpin would remove the latter without impairing the former, his piece would rank conſiderably above mediocrity.

FUN DEALER. "May it pleaſe your honors?" No; *an' if it did, we ſhould have no honour, at all at all.* To be ſerious, FUN-DEALER, let us adviſe thee not to waſte thoſe talents, which ſhould be better employed, in weaving tales at which Modeſty would bluſh and Decency hang down her head.

SACERDOS has been tried, and ſentenced *a requiem.*

The ſelected verſes on a *piece of blank paper*, are intended for inſertion whenever our paper ſhall have a blank not better appropriated.

We are indebted to the kindneſs of our Correſpondents for ſeveral other ſelections which ſhall be diſpoſed of according to the beſt of our judgment.

The attention we have lately received from many valuable Correſpondents induces us to tender them our grateful acknowledgments.

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